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THE  
OLD WIVES TALE  
1595

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1908

This reprint of the *Old Wives Tale* has been prepared by the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

*Feb.* 1909.

W. W. Greg.



PR  
2734  
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The following entry is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company :

xvj<sup>to</sup> die Aprilis [1595] ./ . .

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens Ralph Hancock  
a booke or interlude intituled a pleasant Conceipte called the  
owld wifes tale . . . . . vjd./.

[Arber's Transcript, II. 296.]

Within the year appeared an edition in quarto, the only one known to have been issued. It was printed by John Danter, and the name of John Hardy was associated with Hancock's as publisher. The address without Cripplegate given in the colophon, being neither Danter's nor Hardy's, presumably belonged to Hancock, who appears in the Registers as publishing from 1593 to 1595, though no other book connected with him seems to have survived. The title-page reports that the comedy was 'played by the Queenes Maiesties players', a company whose fortunes began to decline soon after 1590 and whose career had probably come to an end, at least so far as London was concerned, before the play was published. There is added the further information that the piece was 'Written by G. P.' None of the early bibliographers of the drama had seen the play. In 1750 Chetwood invented the entry, 'An olde Wyfe her Tale, 1598,' which is sufficient evidence

that neither had he. In 1782 the *Biographica Dramatica*, quoting his entry, added that of the Stationers' Register. Not till the edition of 1812 was any account of the play from actual inspection included. Meanwhile a fairly correct description had been given, and the identification of the initials as those of George Peele made, by Herbert in his *Typographical Antiquities* of 1785-90. The source of his information is doubtful, but the identification has never been challenged.

The date of composition is pretty certainly about 1590, a date suggested by the burlesque hexameters of Huanebango. One of these (ll. 813-4) is taken verbatim from Gabriel Harvey's *Encomium Lauri* (in the *Three Letters* of 1580). Another (ll. 801-2) is practically made up of tags from Stanyhurst (*Aeneis*, &c., 1582), similar to those ridiculed by Nashe in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). Points of resemblance have also been noticed between the *Old Wives Tale* and *Orlando Furioso*. Thus ll. 1072-5 are largely identical with *Orlando*, 73-6; while the expression 'Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle' (ll. 819-20), which however was no doubt proverbial, recurs in the Dulwich manuscript of *Orlando* (ll. 136-7, fol. 263). Thus a connection is established between the two plays, but the

question of priority left open. This is settled by the name Sacrapant in the *Tale*, corresponding to Sacrepant in *Orlando*. Greene, of course, took the name from Ariosto (Sacripante), and Peele must therefore have borrowed from Greene.

Of the original quarto copies are extant in the British Museum (162.d.53), and the Dyce collection. The second is imperfect, having the leaves F 2-3 in facsimile, but it preserves the initial leaf with the signature 'A' wanting in the Museum copy. F4 is absent in both. Both copies have been collated for the present reprint. That in the Dyce collection presents variants owing to its having an uncorrected inner forme to sheet E: they are recorded in the list of readings below. The quarto is printed in the ordinary roman fount of a body closely approximating to modern English (20 ll. = 94 mm.).

No attempt has been made to divide the play into scenes, since no satisfactory arrangement appears possible. The quarto almost certainly represents a mutilated text and the indications of staging are confused, while the fact that certain characters remain on the stage throughout renders the ordinary principle of division inapplicable.

# LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

3	<i>Franticke, (Frolicke,)</i>	663	Who hawe
17	( <i>not indented</i> )	706	gold
68	<i>barke. .</i>	774	<i>laies</i>
71	thethreshhold,	787	birde (beard—cf. ll. 971, 978.)
122	of of	809	Foe, (Foh,?)
193	fnow :	822	rim (rude <i>Dyce copy</i> )
200	comes	844	knaue,-
240	afwell	845-6	ka wil- shaw.
285	trees ; (trees,)	866	Who's (Whose <i>Dyce copy</i> )
373	thoughts,	898-9	impor- nate
382	<i>Huau: (Huan: but ? Booby:)</i>	914	<i>Exeunt</i>
385	<i>Huanabango</i>	917	<i>came</i>
394-5	super- fantiall	941	daunced
449	<i>Sacr: (speech should run on)</i>	950	halves
451	for meate for	971, 978	gouldē beard (goulden bird <i>Dyce copy</i> )
479	or (nor)	989	iust . . . coiners . . . coine (toft . . . quoiners . . . quine <i>Dyce copy</i> )
	for (from?)	995	come,
492	is	1006	( <i>not indented</i> )
495	a fide	1018	pearft,
511	arts hath	1075	Cuts
541	thy (my)	1092-3	h[e fe-] med ( <i>a partial impression of the e- is all that appears of the bracketed letters in the original</i> )
544	Corobus, (Corebus,)	1157	windowes fluts
552	<i>Simon: (i. e. Church- warden = Steven Loach, l. 597)</i>		
560	<i>Corobus: (Corebus:)</i>		
563	buriall. ( <i>period doubtful</i> )		
564	assure (as sure)		
624	comes		
627	of ( <i>i. e. on</i> )		

N.B.—The error in l. 71 arose in the course of printing off. A space somehow dropped out and the type closed up. In the Dyce copy the last word still stands almost at the end of the line, but the type gradually crept back, and in the B. M. copy there is about an en-space blank at the end. Other copies may perhaps show the space in its right place.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of entrance

ANTIC	} three pages.	DELIA, daughter of Thenores,
FROLIC		King of Thessaly.
FANTASTIC		a Friar.
CLUNCH, the smith.		EUMENIDES, the wandering
MADGE, his old wife.		knight, in search of Delia.
CALYPHA	} first and second	WIGGEN, fellow of Corebus.
THELEA		STEVEN LOACH, a Church-
	} brother in search of	warden.
	} their sister Delia.	
ERESTUS, the old man at the		a Sexton.
CROSS.		ZANTIPPA, the
VENELIA, his betrothed.		curst
LAMPRISCUS, a countryman.		} daughters
HUANEBANGO, a braggart.		
COREBUS, or BOOBY, the clown.		CELANTA, or ZE-
SACRAPANT, a Thessalian magi-		LANTO, the foul
tian.		} Lampriscus.
		a Voice from the Well of Life.
		the ghost of JACK.
		the Hostess.

Harvest-men and women singing (ll. 306, 640), two Furies (ll. 504, 678?, 773), Fiddlers (l. 917).

Calypha is first named at l. 484, Thelea at l. 1101; their father's name appears in l. 508. The old man's name is first given as Erestus in l. 1100. Venelia enters at ll. 233, 1052, 1098, but has no part assigned her. Corebus is called Booby throughout his first entry, l. 312 and following. The Churchwarden is named at l. 597, but cf. l. 552. The foul daughter is named Celanta in l. 753 and Zelanto in l. 960. The name does not elsewhere occur in full, but the C-form is found consistently as a prefix in her first entry, and the Z-form in her second. The first speech of the Voice from the Well is assigned to 'Head' (l. 786), but on the second occasion two heads appear though there is only one speech (l. 970). The 'Voice' of l. 672 comes from the cell and is probably Sacrapant's.







# THE Old Wiues Tale.

A pleasant conceited Come-  
die, played by the Queenes Ma-  
iesties players.

Written by *G. Peele*



Printed at London by *John Danter*, and are to  
be sold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *John*  
*Hardie*. 1595.







# The old VViues Tale.

*Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantasticke.*

*Anticke.*



Ow nowe fellowe *Franticke*,  
what all a mort? Doth this sad-  
nes become thy madnes? What  
though wee haue lost our way  
in the woodes, yet neuer hang  
the head, as though thou hadst  
no hope to liue till to morrow : for *Fantasticke*  
and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in  
the hundred.

*Frolicke*: *Anticke* and *Fantasticke*, as I am  
frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I so  
dead laine. What? to loose our way in the  
woode, without either fire or candle so vncom-  
fortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

*A 3*

*Fan-*



*The Old VVines Tale.*

*Fant*: What Gammer, a sleepe?

*Old wom*: By the Mas sonne tis almost day,  
and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

*Frol*: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes  
this lacke bere a great sway amongst them.

*Old wom*: O man, this was the ghost of the  
poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie,  
& that makes him to help the wandering knight  
so much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup  
of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.

*Fant*: Then you haue made an end of your  
tale Gammer.

*Old wom*: Yes faith: When this was done I  
stooke a peece of bread and cheefe, and came  
my way, and so shall you haue too before you  
goe, to your breakefast.

FINIS.

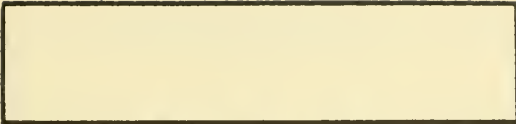
Printed at London by *John Danter*, for *Raph  
Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*, and are to  
be solde at the shop ouer against  
Saint Giles his Church with-  
out Criplegate.

1595.



A

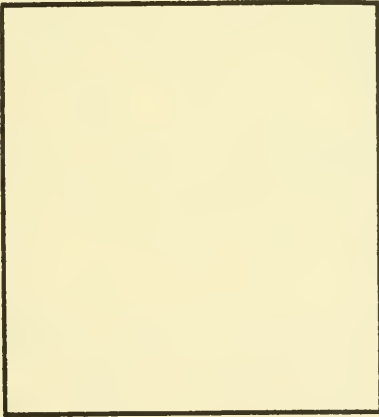




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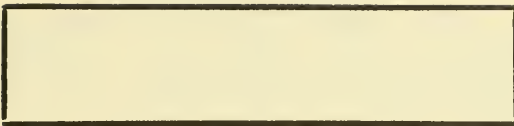
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dead flaine. What? to loose our way in the  
woode, without either fire or candle so vncom-  
fortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Fantas.* Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our yong master to the faire Lady and she is the only Saint that he hath sworne  
20 to serue.

*Frollicke.* What resteth then but wee commit him to his wench, and each of vs take his stand vp in a Tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

*Ant.* Desperately spoken fellow Frollicke in the darke: but seeing it fallles out thus, let vs rehearse the old prouerb.

*Three merrie men, and three merrie men,  
And three merrie men be wee.*

30 *I in the wood, and thou on the ground,  
And Iacke sleepe in the tree.*

*Fan.* Hush a dogge in the wood, or a wooden dogge, O comfortable hearing! I had euen as liue the Chamberlaine of the white Horse had called me vp to bed.

*Frol.* Eyther hath this trotting Cur gone out of his cyrcuit, or els are we nere some village,

*Enter a Smith with a Lanthorne & Candle.*  
which should not be farre off, for I perceiue the  
40 glymring of a Gloworme, a Candle, or a Cats eye, my life for a halfe pennie. In the name of my own father, be thou Oxe or Assē that appearest, tell vs what thou art.

*Smith.* What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith, what are you, what make you in my territories

*The Old Viues Tale.*

ritories at this time of the night?

*Ant.* What doe we make dost thou aske? why we make faces for feare: such as if thy mortall eyes could behold, would make thee water the long feames of thy side flops, Smith. 50

*Frol.* And in faith Sir vnlesse your hospitalitie doe releue vs, wee are like to wander with a forrowfull hey ho, among the owlets, & Hobgoblins of the Forrest: good *Vulcan*, for Cupids sake that hath coufined vs all: befriend vs as thou maiest, and commaund vs howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for euer and euer.

*Smith.* Well Masters it seemes to mee you haue lost your waie in the wood: in confidence 60 whereof, if you will goe with Clunch to his Cottage, you shall haue house roome, and a good fire to sit by, althogh we haue no bedding to put you in.

*All.* O blessed Smith, O bountifull Clunch.

*Smith.* For your further intertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

*Heare a Dogge barke..*

Hearke this is Ball my Dogge that bids you all welcome in his own language, come take heed 70 for stumbling on the threshold, open dore Madge take in guests. *Enter old woman.*

*Ol.* Welcome Clunch & good fellowes al that come with my good mā for my good mans sake  
come

*The old VViues tale.*

come on fit downe here is a peece of cheefe &  
a pudding of my owne making.

*Anticke:* Thanks Gammer a good example  
for the wiues of our towne.

*Frolicke:* Gammer thou and thy good man  
80 fit louingly together, we come to chat and not  
to eate.

*Smith:* Well Masters if you will eate no-  
thing take away: Come, what doo we to passe  
away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to rost for  
Lambes-wooll; what shall wee haue a game at  
Trumpe or Ruffe to driue away the time, how  
say you?

*Fantasticke:* This Smith leades a life as mer-  
rie as a King with *Madge* his wife; Syrrha *Fro-*  
90 *licke*, I am fure thou art not without some  
round or other, no doubt but Clunch can beare  
his part.

*Frolicke:* Els thinke you mee ill brought vp,  
so set to it when you will. *they sing.*

*Song.*

**W**Hen as the Rie reach to the chin,  
And chopcherrie chopcherrie ripe within,  
Strawberries swimming in the creame,  
And schoole boyes playing in the streame:  
100 Then O, then O, then O my true loue said,  
Till that time come againe,  
Shee could not liue a maid.

*Anticke*

*The old Viues tale.*

*Ant:* This sport dooes well : but me thinkes Gammer, a merry winters tale would driue away the time trimly, come I am sure you are not without a score.

*Fantast:* I faith Gammer a tale of an howre long were as good as an howres sleepe.

*Frol:* Looke you Gammer, of the Gyant and the Kings Daughter, and I know not what, <sup>110</sup> I haue seene the day when I was a litle one, you might haue drawne mee a mile after you with such a discourse.

*Old woman:* Well, since you be so importunate, my good man shall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their worke must keepe good howres, one of you goe lye with him, he is a cleane skind man I tell you, without either spauin or windgall, so I am content to driue away the time with an old wiues winters tale. <sup>120</sup>

*Fantast:* No better hay in Deuonshire, a my word Gammer, Ile be one of of your audience.

*Frollicke:* And I another thats flat.

*Anticke:* Then must I to bed with the good man, *Bona nox* Gammer, God night *Frollicke*.

*Smith:* Come on my Lad, thou shalt take thy vnnaturall rest with me.

*Exeunt Anticke and the Smith.*

*Frollicke:* Yet this vantage shall we haue of them in the morning, to bee ready at the sight <sup>130</sup> thereof extempore.

B

*Old*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Old wom:* Nowe this bargaine my Masters  
must I make with you, that you will say him &  
ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

*Both:* Content Gammer that will we doo.

*Old wom:* Once vppon a time there was a  
King or a Lord, or a Duke that had a faire daugh-  
ter, the fairest that euer was; as white as snowe,  
and as redd as bloud: and once vppon a time his  
140 daughter was stollen away, and hee sent all his  
men to seeke out his daughter, and hee sent so  
long, that he sent all his men out of his Land.

*Frol:* Who drest his dinner then?

*Old woman:* Nay either heare my tale, or  
kisse my taile.

*Fan:* Well fed, on with your tale Gammer.

*Old woman:* O Lord I quite forgot, there  
was a Coniurer, and this Coniurer could doo  
any thing, and hee turned himselfe into a great  
150 Dragon, and carried the Kinges Daughter away  
in his mouth to a Castle that hee made of stone,  
and there he kept hir I know not how long, till  
at last all the Kinges men went out so long, that  
hir two Brothers went to seeke hir. O I forget:  
she (he I would say) turned a proper yong man  
to a Beare in the night, and a man in the day, and  
keeps by a crosse that parts three feuerall waies,  
& he made his Lady run mad: gods me bones  
who comes here? *Enter the two Brothers.*

160 *Frol:* Soft Gammer, here some come to tell  
your



*The Old Viues Tale.*

your tale for you.

*Fant*: Let them alone, let vs heare what they will fay.

*1. Brother*: Vpon these chalkie Cliffs of *Albion*  
We are ariued now with tedious toile,  
And compassing the wide world round about  
To seeke our sifter, to seeke faire *Delya* forth,  
Yet cannot we so much as heare of hir.

*2. Brother*: O fortune cruell, cruell & vnkind,  
Vnkind in that we cannot find our sifter ; 170  
Our sifter haples in hir cruell chance :  
Soft who haue we here.

*Enter Senex at the Crosse stooping to gather.*

*1. Brother*: Now father God be your speed,  
What doo you gather there ?

*Old man*: Hips and Hawes, and stickees and  
strawes, and thinges that I gather on the ground  
my sonne.

*1. Brother*: Hips and Hawes, and stickees and  
strawes, why is that all your foode father ? 180

*Old man*: Yea sonne.

*2. Brother*: Father, here is an Almes pennie  
for mee, and if I speede in that I goe for, I will  
giue thee as good a Gowne of gray as euer thou  
diddest weare.

*1. Brother*: And Father here is another almes  
pennie for me, and if I speede in my iourney, I  
will giue thee a Palmers staffe of yuorie, and a  
scallop shell of beaten gold.

*The Old Viues Tale.*

190 *Old man* : Was thee fayre?

2. *Brother* : I the fairest for white, and the purest for redd, as the blood of the Deare, or the driuen snow : (old spell :

*Old m* : Then harke well and marke well, my  
Be not afraid of euery stranger,  
Start not aside at euery danger :  
Things that seeme are not the same,  
Blow a blast at euery flame :

For when one flame of fire goes out,  
200 Then comes your wilhes well about :  
If any aske who told you this good,  
Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

1. *Brother* : Brother heard you not what the  
old man said :

Be not afraid of euery stranger,  
Start not aside for euery danger :  
Things that seeme are not the same,  
Blow a blast at euery flame :

If any aske who told you this good,  
210 Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

2. *Brother* : Well if this doo vs any good,  
Wel fare the white Bear of Englands wood. *ex.*

*Old ma* : Now sit thee here & tel a heauy tale.  
Sad in thy moode, and sober in thy cheere,  
Here sit thee now and to thy selfe relate,  
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.  
In *Theffalie* I liu'd in sweete content,  
Vntill that Fortune wrought my ouerthrow;  
For



*The Old Viues tale.*

For there I wedded was vnto a dame,  
That liu'd in honor, vertue, loue, and fame: 220  
But *Sacrapant* that cursed forcerer,  
Being besotted with my beauteous loue :  
My deereft loue, my true betrothed wife,  
Did seeke the meanes to rid me of my life.  
But worse than this, he with his chanting spels,  
Did turne me straight vnto an vgly Beare ;  
And when the sunne doth settle in the west,  
Then I begin to don my vgly hide :  
And all the day I sit, as now you see,  
And speake in riddles all inspirde with rage, 230  
Seeming an olde and miserable man :  
And yet I am in Aprill of my age.

*Enter Venelia his Lady mad; and goes in againe.*  
See where *Venelya* my betrothed loue,  
Runs madding all inrag'd about the woods ;  
All by his cursed and enchanting spels.

*Enter Lampriscus with a pot of Honny.*

But here comes *Lampriscus* my discontented  
neighbour. How now neighbour, you looke  
towards the ground aswell as I, you muse on 240  
something.

*Lamp:* Neighbour on nothing, but on the  
matter I so often mooued to you : if you do any  
thing for charity, helpe me ; if for neighborhood  
or brotherhood, helpe me : neuer was one so  
combered as is poore *Lampriscus* : and to be-  
gin, I pray receiue this pottle of Honny to mend

*The Old Viues Tale.*

your fare.

*Old man:* Thankes neighbor, fet it downe,  
250 Honny is alwaies welcome to the Beare.  
And now neighbour let me heere the cause of  
your comming.

*Lampriscus:* I am (as you knowe neighbour) a man vnmarried, and liued so vnquietly with my two wiues, that I keepe euery yeare holy the day wherein I buried thē both; the first was on saint *Andrewes* day; the other on saint *Lukes*.

*Old man:* And now neighbour, you of this  
260 country say, your custome is out: but on with  
your tale neighbour.

*Lamp:* By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me aliue, and founded in my eares like the clapper of a great Bell, whose talke was a continuall torment to all that dwelt by her, or liued nigh her, you haue heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

*Old man:* True neighbour.

*Lampr:* Shee it is that afflictes me with her  
270 continuall clamoures, and hangs on me like a Burre: poore shee is, and proude shee is, as poore as a sheepe new shorne, and as proude of her hopes, as a Peacock of her taile well growne.

*Old man:* Well said *Lampryscus*, you speake it like an Englishman.

*Lampr:*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Lampr:* As curst as a waspe, and as frowarde  
as a childe new taken from the mothers teate,  
fhee is to my age, as smoake to the eyes, or as vi-  
negar to the teeth. 280

*Old man:* Holily praised neighbour, as much  
for the next.

*Lampr:* By my other wife I had a daughter,  
so hard fauoured, so foule and ill faced, that I  
thinke a groue full of golden trees; and the  
leaues of Rubies and Dyamonds, would not  
bee a dowrie aunswerable to her deformi-  
tie.

*Old man:* Well neighbour, nowe you haue  
spoke, heere me speake; send them to the Well 290  
for the water of life: there shall they finde their  
fortunes vnlooked for; Neighbour farewell.

*Exit.*

*Lampr:* Farewell and a thousand, and now  
goeth poore *Lampryscus* to put in execution  
this excellent counsell.

*Exeunt.*

*Frol:* Why this goes rounde without a fid-  
ling stick; but doo you heare Gammer, was this  
the man that was a Beare in the night, and a  
man in the day? 300

*Old woman:* I this is hee; and this man that  
came to him was a beggar, and dwelt vppon a  
greene. But soft, who comes here? O these are  
the haruest men; ten to one they sing a song of  
mowing.

*Enter*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Enter the haruest men a singing, with this  
Song double repeated.*

*All yee that louely louers be, pray you for me,  
Loe here we come a sowing, a sowing,*

310 *And some sweete frutes of loue:*

*In your sweete hearts well may it prooue. Exeunt.*

*Enter Huanebango with his two hand sword,  
and Booby the Clowne.*

*Fant: Gammer, what is he?*

*Old woman: O this is one that is going to the  
coniurer, let him alone, here what he sayes.*

*Huan: Now by Mars and Mercury, Iupiter  
and Ianus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta,  
Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honor of my*  
320 *house Polimackeroeplacydus, it is a wonder to see*  
*what this loue will make silly fellowes aduen-*  
*ture, euen in the wane of their wits, and infansie*  
*of their discretion. Alas my friend what fortune*  
*calles thee foorth to seeke thy fortune among*  
*brafen gates, enchanted towers, fire and Brim-*  
*stone, thunder and lightning. Beautie I tell thee*  
*is peerelesse, and she precious whom thou af-*  
*fectest: do off these desires good countriman,*  
*good friend runne away from thy selfe, and so*  
330 *soone as thou canst, forget her; whom none*  
*must inherit but he that can monsters tame, la-*  
*boures atchiue, riddles absolue, loose enchant-*  
*ments, murther magicke, and kill coniuring: and*  
*that is the great and mighty Huanebango.*

*Booby:*

*The Old Viues tale.*

*Booby*: Harke you fir, harke you; First know I haue here the flurting feather, and haue giuen the Parish the start for the long stocke: Nowe fir if it bee no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and riddle me riddle me whats this, Ile haue the wench from the Con- 340 iurer if he were ten Coniurers.

*Huan*: I haue abandoned the Court and honourable company, to doo my deuoyre against this fore Sorcerer and mighty Magitian: if this Ladie be so faire as she is said to bee, she is mine, she is mine. *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium Grammaticorum.*

*Booby*: *O falsum Latinum!* the faire maide is *minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes* and all.

*Huan*: If shee bee mine, as I assure my selfe 350 the heauens will doo somewhat to reward my worthines; shee shall bee allied to none of the meanest gods; but bee inuested in the most famous stocke of *Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus*, my Grandfather: my father *Pergopolynéo*: my mother, *Dyonora de Sardynya*: famouslie descended.

*Booby*: Doo you heare fir; had not you a Cofen, that was called *Gustecerydis*?

*Huan*: Indeede I had a Cofen, that sometime 360 followed the Court infortunately, and his name *Bustegustecerydis*.

*Booby*: O Lord I know him well: hee is the  
C knight

*The Old Viues Tale.*

knight of the neates feete.

*Huan*: O he lou'd no Capon better, he hath oftentimes deceiued his boy of his dinner, that was his fault good *Bustegustecerydis*.

*Booby*: Come shall we goe along? Soft, here is an olde man at the Crosse, let vs aske him the  
370 way thither. Ho, you Gaffer, I pray you tell where the wise man the Coniurer dwells?

*Huan*: Where that earthly Goddesse keepeth hir abode; the commander of my thoughts, and faire Mistres of my heart.

*Old man*: Faire inough, and farre inough from thy fingering sonne.

*Huan*: I will followe my Fortune after mine owne fancie, and doo according to mine owne discretion.

380 *Old man*: Yet giue some thing to an old man before you goe.

*Huan*: Father mee thinkes a peece of this Cake might serue your turne.

*Old man*: Yea sonne.

*Huan*: *Huanabango* giueth no Cakes for Almes, aske of them that giue giftes for poore Beggars. Faire Lady, if thou wert once shринed in this bosome, I would buckler thee haratantara. *Exit.*

390 *Booby*: Father doo you see this man, you litle thinke heele run a mile or two for such a Cake,  
or



*The Old Viues tale.*

or passe for a pudding, I tell you father hee has kept such a begging of mee for a peece of this Cake, whoo he comes vppon me with a superfantiall substance, and the foyson of the earth, that I know not what he meanes: If hee came to me thus, and said, my friend *Booby* or so, why I could spare him a peece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched mee about other fellowes with a Cake: why hee 400 makes me blinde and deafe at once: Yet father heere is a peece of Cake for you as harde as the world goes.

*Old man:* Thanks sonne, but list to mee,  
He shall be deafe when thou shalt not see;  
Farewell my sonne things may so hit,  
Thou maist haue wealth to mend thy wit.

*Booby:* Farewell father, farewell; for I must make hast after my two hand sword that is gone before.

*Exeunt omnes.* 410

*Enter Sacrapant in his studie.*

*Sacrapant:* The day is cleare, the Welkin bright and gray,  
The Larke is merrie, and records hir notes;  
Each thing reioyseth vnderneath the Skie,  
But onely I whom heauen hath in hate:  
Wretched and miserable *Sacrapant*,  
In *Thessalie* was I borne and brought vp,

C 2

My

*The Old Viues Tale.*

My mother *Meroe* hight a famous Witch,  
420 And by hir cunning I of hir did learne,  
To change and alter shapes of mortall men.  
There did I turne my selfe into a Dragon,  
And stole away the Daughter to the King;  
Faيرة *Delya*, the Mistres of my heart:  
And brought hir hither to reuiue the man,  
That seemeth yong and pleasant to behold,  
And yet is aged, crooked, weake and numbe.  
Thus by inchaunting spells I doo deceiue,  
• Those that behold and looke vpon my face ;  
430 But well may I bid youthfull yeares adue :

*Enter Delya with a pot in hir hand.* (grow,  
See where she coms from whence my sorrows  
How now faيرة *Delya* where haue you bin?

*Delya* : At the foote of the Rocke for running water, and gathering rootes for your dinner fir.

*Sacr* : Ah *Delya*, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder farre than steele or Adamant.

440 *Delya* : Will it please you to sit downe fir.

*Sacr* : I *Delya*, sit & aske me what thou wilt, thou shalt haue it brought into thy lappe.

*Delya* : Then I pray you fir let mee haue the best meate from the king of *Englands* table, and the best wine in all *France*, brought in by the veriest knaue in all *Spaine*.

*Sacr* : *Delya* I am glad to see you so pleasant,  
well



*The old VVines tale.*

well fit thee downe.

*Sacr*: Spred table spred; meat, drinke & bred  
Euer may I haue, what I euer craue: 450  
When I am spred, for meate for my black cock,  
And meate for my red.

*Enter a Frier with a chine of Beefe and  
a pot of wine.*

*Sacr*: Heere *Delya*, will yee fall to.

*Del*: Is this the best meate in England?

*Sacr*: Yea.

*Del*: What is it?

*Sacr*: A chine of English beefe, meate for a  
And a kings followers. (king 460

*Del*: Is this the best wine in *France*?

*Sacr*: Yea.

*Del*: What Wine is it?

*Sacr*: A cup of neate wine of *Orleance*,  
That neuer came neer the brewers in England.

*Del*: Is this the veriest knaue in all *Spaine*?

*Sacr*: Yea.

*Del*: What is he a Fryer?

*Sacr*: Yea a Friar indefinit, & a knaue infinit.

*Del*: Then I pray ye fir Frier tell me before 470  
you goe, which is the most greediest English-  
man?

*Fryer*: The miserable and most couetous  
Vsfurer.

*Sacr*: Holde thee there Frier, *Exit Friar.*  
But soft who haue we heere, *Delia* away begon.

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Enter the two Brothers.*

*Delya* away, for beset are we,  
But heauen or hell shall rescue her for me.

480 1. *Br.* Brother, was not that *Delya* did appeare?  
Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2. *Bro.* Sister, where art thou? *Delya* come again  
He calles, that of thy absence doth complaine.  
Call out *Calypha* that she may heare,  
And crie aloud, for *Delya* is neere.

*Eccho*: Neere.

1. *Br.* Neere, O where, hast thou any tidings?

*Eccho*: Tidings.

2. *Br.* Which way is *Delya* then, or that, or

490 *Eccho*: This. (this?)

1. *Br.* And may we safely come where *Delia*

*Eccho*: Yes. (is)

2. *Bro.* Brother remember you the white  
Beare of Englands wood:

Start not a fide for euery danger,

Be not afeard of euery stranger;

Things that seeme, are not the same. (enter.

1. *Br.* Brother, why do we not thẽ coragiously

2. *Br.* Then brother draw thy sword & follow

500 *Enter the Coniurer; it lightens & thunders, the 2. Brother falles downe.* (me.

1. *Br.* What brother doost thou fall?

*Sacr*: I, and thou to *Calypha*.

*Fall* 1. Brother. *Enter two furies.*

*Adeles Dæmones*: away with them,

Go

*The old Viues tale.*

Go cary them straight to *Sacrapantos* cell,  
There in despaire and torture for to dwell ;  
These are *Thenores* sonnes of *Theffaly*,  
That come to seeke *Delya* their sister forth :  
But with a potion, I to her haue giuen, 510  
My arts hath made her to forget her selfe.

*He remooues a turfe, and shewes a light in a glasse.*  
See heere the thing which doth prolong my life  
With this inchantment I do any thing.

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,  
And neuer none shall breake this little glasse,  
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maide.  
Then cheere thy selfe, this is thy destinie,  
Neuer to die, but by a dead mans hand. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight, 520*  
*and the old man at the crosse.*

*Eum* : Tell me Time, tell me iust Time,  
When shall I *Delia* see ?  
When shall I see the loadstar of my life ? (sight ?  
When shall my wandring course end with her  
Or I but view my hope, my hearts delight.  
Father God speede, if you tell fortunes, I pray  
good father tell me mine.

*Old man* : Sonne I do see in thy face,  
Thy blessed fortune worke apace ; 530  
I do perceiue that thou hast wit,  
Beg of thy fate to gouerne it,  
For wisdome gouern'd by aduise,  
Makes many fortunate and wise.

Bestowe

*The Old Viues Tale.*

Bestowe thy almes, giue more than all,  
Till dead mens bones come at thy call :  
Farewell my sonne, dreame of no rest,  
Til thou repent that thou didst best. *Exit Old m.*

*Eum.* This man hath left me in a Laborinth,  
540 He biddeth me giue more than all,  
Till dead mens bones come at thy call :  
He biddeth me dreame of no rest,  
Till I repent that I do best.

*Enter Wigger, Corobus, Churchwarden and Sexton.*

*Wigger:* You may be ashamed, you whor-  
son scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had  
any shame in those shamelesse faces of yours, to  
let a poore man lie so long aboue ground vnbur-  
550 ried. A rot on you all, that haue no more com-  
passion of a good fellow when he is gone.

*Simon:* What would you haue vs to burie  
him, and to aunswere it our selues to the par-  
rishe?

*Sexton:* Parish me no parishes, pay me my  
fees, and let the rest runne on in the quarters ac-  
counts, and put it downe for one of your good  
deedes a Gods name, for I am not one that cu-  
riously stands vpon merits.

560 *Corobus:* You whorson foddren headed  
sheepes-face, shall a good fellow do lesse seruice  
and more honestie to the parish, & will you not  
when he is dead let him haue Christmas buriall.

*Wigger:*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*VViggen*: Peace *Corebus*, assure as *Iack* was *Iack*, the frolickst frannion amongst you, and I *VViggen* his sweete sworne brother, *Iack* shall haue his funerals, or some of them shall lie on Gods deare earth for it, thats once.

*Churchwa*: *VViggen* I hope thou wilt do no more then thou darst aunswer. 570

*VVig*: Sir, fir, dare or dare not, more or lesse, aunswer or not aunswer, do this, or haue this.

*Sex*: Helpe, helpe, helpe, *VViggen* sets vpon the parish with a Pike staffe.

*Eumenides awakes and comes to them.*

*Eum*: Hould thy hands good fellow.

*Core*: Can you blame him fir, if he take *Iacks* part against this shake rotten parish that will not burie *Iack*.

*Eum*: Why what was that *Iack*? 580

*Coreb*: Who *Iack* fir, who our *Iack* fir? as good a fellow as euer troade vppon Neats leather.

*VViggen*: Looke you fir, he gaue foure score and nineteene mourning gownes to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them vp a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

*Churchwar*: Oh Lord fir how he lies, he was not worth a halfpenny, and drunke out euery 590 penny: and now his fellowes, his drunken companions, would haue vs to burie him at the

D

charge

*The Old Viues Tale.*

charge of the parish, and we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, fell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: he shall lie a-boue ground till he daunce a galliard about the churchyard for *Steeuen Loache*.

*VViggen: Sic argumentaris domine Loache;*  
and we make many such matches, we may pull  
600 downe the steeple, fell the Belles, and thatche  
the chauncell: in good time fir, and hang your  
selues in the Bell ropes when you haue done,  
*Domine oponens præpono tibi hanc questionem,*  
whether will you haue the ground broken, or  
your pates broken: first, for one of them shall  
be done presently, and to begin mine, ile seale it  
vpon your cockescome.

*Eum:* Hould thy hands, I pray thee good  
fellow be not too hastie.

610 *Coreb:* You Capons face, we shall haue you  
turnd out of the parish one of these dayes, with  
neuer a tatter to your arse, then you are in worfe  
taking then *Iack*.

*Eumen.* Faith and he is bad enough: this fellow does but the part of a friend, to seeke to burie his friend; how much will burie him?

*VViggen:* Faith, about some fifteene or sixteene shillings will bestow him honestly.

*Sexton:* I euen there abouts fir.

620 *Eumen:* Heere hould it then, and I haue left  
me but one poore three halfe pence; now do I  
remem-



*The Old Viues Tale.*

remember the wordes the old man spake at the crosse; bestowe all thou hast, and this is all, till dead mens bones comes at thy call, heare holde it, and so farewell.

*VVig:* God, and all good, bee with you fir; naie you cormorants, ile bestowe one peale of *Iack* at mine owne proper costs and charges.

*Coreb:* You may thanke God the long staffe and the bilbowe blade, crost not your cockes-630 combe; well weelee to the church stile, and haue a pot, and so tryll lyll.

*Both:* Come lets go. *Exeunt.*

*Fant:* But harke you gammer, me thinkes this *Iack* bore a great sway in the parish.

*Old woman:* O this *Iack* was a maruelous fellow, he was but a poore man, but very well beloued: you shall see anon what this *Iack* will come to.

*Enter the haruest men singing, with wo-* 640  
*men in their hands.*

*Frol:* Soft, who haue wee heere? our amorous haruest starres.

*Fant:* I, I, let vs sit still and let them alone.

*Heere they begin to sing, the  
song doubled.*

*Loe heere we come a reaping, a reaping,*

*To reape our haruest fruite,*

*And thus we passe the yeare so long,*

*And neuer be we mute. Exit the haruest mē. 650*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clowne.*

*Frol:* Soft, who haue we here?

*Old w:* O this is a cholerick gentleman, all you that loue your liues, keepe out of the smell of his two hand sworde: nowe goes he to the coniurer.

*Fant:* Me thinkes the Coniurer should put the foole into a Iugling boxe.

*Huan:* Fee, fa, fum, here is the Englishman,  
660 Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright,  
To prooue himselfe a knight,  
And win her loue in fight.

*Cor:* Who haue maister *Bango* are you here?  
heare you, you had best sit downe heere, and  
beg an almes with me.

*Huan:* Hence base cullion, heere is he that  
commaundeth ingresse and egress with his  
weapon, and will enter at his voluntary whoso-  
euer faith no.

670 *A voice and flame of fire:* Huanebango  
*falleth downe.*

*Voice:* No.

*Old w:* So with that they kist, and spoiled the  
edge of as good a two hand sword, as euer God  
put life in; now goes *Corebus* in, spight of the  
coniurer.

*Enter the Coniurer, & strike Corebus blinde.*

*Sacr:* Away with him into the open fields,  
To be a rauening pray to Crowes and Kites:

And



*The Old Viues Tale.*

And for this villain let him wander vp & downe 680  
In nought but darkenes and eternall night.

*Cor*: Heer hast thou slain *Huā* a flashing knight  
And robbed poore *Corebus* of his fight. *Exit.*

*Sacr*: Hence villaine hence.

Now I haue vnto *Delya* giuen a potion of forgetfulnes,

That when shee comes shee shall not know hir  
Brothers:

Lo where they labour like to Country slaues,  
With spade and mattocke on this inchaunted 690  
ground.

Now will I call hir by another name,  
For neuer shall she know hir selfe againe,  
Vntill that *Sacrapant* hath breathd his last.

See where she comes. *Enter Delya.*

Come hither *Delya* take this gode,  
Here hard at hand two slaues do worke and dig  
for gold,

Gore them with this & thou shalt haue inough.

*He giues hir a gode.*

700

*Del*: Good sir I know not what you meane.

*Sacra*: She hath forgotten to be *Delya*,  
But not forgot the same she should forget:

But I will change hir name.

Faire *Berecynthia* so this Country calls you,  
Goe ply these strangers wench they dig for gold

*Exit Sacrapant.*

*Delya*: O heauens! how am I beholding to

D 3

this

*The Old Viues Tale.*

this faire yong man.

710 But I must ply these strangers to their worke.  
See where they come.

*Enter the two Brothers in their shirts with  
spades digging.*

1. Brother: O Brother see where *Delya* is.

2. Brother: O *Delya* happy are we to see thee  
here.

*Delya*: What tell you mee of *Delya* prating  
swaines?

I know no *Delya* nor know I what you meane,  
720 Ply you your work or else you are like to smart.

1. Brother: Why *Delya* knowst thou not thy  
Brothers here?

We come from *Thessalie* to seeke thee forth,  
And thou deceiuest thy selfe for thou art *Delya*.

*Delya*: Yet more of *Delya*, then take this  
and smart:

What faine you shifts for to defer your labor?  
Worke villaines worke, it is for gold you digg.

2. Br: Peace brother peace, this vild inchanter  
730 Hath rauisht *Delya* of hir fences cleane,  
And she forgets that she is *Delya*.

1. Br: Leaue cruell thou to hurt the miserable;  
Digg brother digg, for she is hard as Steele.

*Here they dig & descry the light vnder a litle hill.*

2. Br: Stay brother what hast thou descride?

*Del*: Away & touch it not, it is some thing, that  
my Lord hath hidden there. *She couers it agen.*

*Enter*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Enter Sacrapant.*

*Sacr:* Well fed, thou plyest these Pyoners  
well, goe get you in you labouring slaues. 740  
Come *Berecynthia*, let vs in likewise,  
And heare the Nightingale record hir notes.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Zantypa the curst Daughter to the well,  
with a pot in hir hand.*

*Zant:* Now for a husband, house and home,  
God send a good one or none I pray God: My  
father hath sent me to the well for the water of  
life, and tells mee if I giue faire wordes I shall  
haue a husband. 750

*Enter the fowle wench to the well for water with a  
pot in hir hand.*

But heere comes *Celanta* my sweete sister, Ile  
stand by and heare what she saies.

*Celant:* My father hath sent mee to the well  
for water, and he tells me if I speake faire, I shall  
haue a husband and none of the worst: Well  
though I am blacke I am sure all the world will  
not forsake mee, and as the olde prouerbe is  
though I am blacke, I am not the diuell. 760

*Zant:* Marrie gup with a murren, I knowe  
wherefore thou speakest that, but goe thy waies  
home as wise as thou camst, or Ile set thee home  
with a wanion.

*Here*

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*Here she strikes hir Pitcher against hir sisters,  
and breakes them both and goes hir way.*

*Clant:* I thinke this be the curstest queane in  
the world, you see what she is, a little faire, but  
as proud as the diuell, and the veriest vixen that  
770 liues vpon Gods earth. Well Ile let hir alone,  
and goe home and get another Pitcher, and for  
all this get me to the well for water. *Exit.*

*Enter two Furies out of the Coniurers Cell  
and laies Huanebango by the well  
of life.*

*Enter Zantippa with a Pitcher to the VWell.*

*Zant:* Once againe for a husband, & in faith  
*Celanta* I haue got the start of you; Belike hus-  
bands growe by the Well side; now my father  
780 sayes I must rule my tongue: why alas what am  
I then? a woman without a tongue, is as a sould-  
ier without his weapon; but ile haue my wa-  
ter and be gon.

*Heere she offers to dip her Pitcher in, and a  
head speakes in the VWell.*

*Head:* Gently dip, but not too deepe,  
For feare you make the golden birde to weepe,  
Faire maiden white and red,  
Stroke me smoothe, and combe my head,  
790 And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.

*Zant:* What is this, faire maiden white & red,  
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head:  
And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.

Cockell

*The Old Viues tale.*

Cockell callest thou it boy, faith ile giue you  
cockell bread.

*Shee breakes hir Pitcher vppon his heade, then it  
thunders and lightens, and Huanebango rises  
vp: Huanebango is deafe and cannot heare.*

*Huan:* Phyllyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda  
(floryda flortos, 800  
Dub dub a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a  
(fulphurous huffe snuffe:  
Wakte with a wench, pretty peat, pretty loue,  
(and my fweet prettie pigsnie;  
Iuft by thy fide fhall fit furnamed great *Huane-*  
(bango  
Safe in my armes will I keepe thee, threat *Mars*  
(or thunder *Olympus*.

*Zant:* Foe, what greasie groome haue wee  
here? Hee looks as though hee crept out of the 810  
backefide of the well; and fpeakes like a Drum  
perifht at the Weft end.

*Huan:* O that I might but I may not, woe to  
(my deftenie therefore;  
Kiffe that I clafpe but I cannot, tell mee my de-  
(ftenie wherefore?

*Zant:* Whoope nowe I haue my dreame,  
did you neuer heare fo great a wonder as this?  
Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle blad-  
der rattle.

820

E

*Huan:*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Huan* : Ile nowe fet my countenance and to hir in prose, it may be this rim ram ruffe, is too rude an incounter.

Let me faire Ladie if you be at leifure, reuell with your sweetnes, and raile vppon that cowardly Coniurer, that hath cast me or congealed mee rather into an vnkinde sleepe and polluted my Carcasse.

*Zantypa* : Laugh, laugh *Zantypa*, thou  
830 hast thy fortune, a foole and a husbnde vnder one.

*Huan* : Truely sweete heart as I seeme, about some twenty years, the very Aprill of mine age.

*Zantypa* : Why what a prating Assè is this?

*Huanebango* : Hir Corall lippes, hir crimson chinne,

Hir filuer teeth so white within :

840 Hir golden locks hir rowling eye,  
Hir pretty parts let them goe by :  
Hey ho hath wounded me,  
That I must die this day to see.

*Za* : By gogs bones thou art a flouting knaue,-  
Hir Corall lippes, hir crimson chinne : ka wilshaw.

*Huan* : True my owne and my owne be  
cause mine, & mine because mine ha ha : Aboue  
a thousand pounds in possibilitie, and things fitting



*The Old Viues tale.*

ting thy desire in possession.

850

*Zan* : The Sott thinks I aske of his landes,  
Lobb be your comfort, and Cuckold bee your  
destenie: Heare you fir; and if you will haue  
vs, you had best fay so betime.

*Huan* : True sweete heart and will royallize  
thy progeny with my petigree. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight.*

*Eu* : Wretched *Eumenides*, still vnfortunate,  
Enuied by fortune, and forlorne by Fate;  
Here pine and die wretched *Eumenides*. 860  
Die in the spring, the Aprill of my age?  
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast don  
I would to God that it were nere begon.

*Enter Iacke.*

*Iacke* : You are well ouertaken fir.

*Eum* : Who's that?

*Iacke* : You are heartily well met fir.

*Eum* : Forbeare I fay, who is that which pincheth mee?

*Iacke* : Trusting in God good Master *Eume-* 870  
*nides*, that you are in so good health as all your  
friendes were at the making hereof: God giue  
you God morrowe fir, lacke you not a neate  
handsome and cleanly yong Lad, about the age  
of fifteene or sixteene yeares, that can runne

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by

*The Old Viues Tale.*

by your horſe, and for a neede make your Maſterſhippes ſhooes as blacke as incke, howe ſay you ſir.

*Eum* : Alaffe pretty Lad, I know not how to  
880 keepe my ſelfe, and much leſſe a ſeruant, my pretty boy, my ſtate is ſo bad.

*Iacke* : Content your ſelfe, you ſhall not bee ſo ill a Maſter but ile bee as bad a ſeruant : Tut ſir I know you though you know not me ; Are not you the man ſir, denie it if you can ſir, that came from a ſtrange place in the land of Catita, where Iacke a napes flies with his taile in his mouth, to ſeeke out a Ladie as white as ſnowe, and as redd' as blood ; ha, ha, haue I toucht you  
890 now.

*Eum* : I thinke this boy be a ſpirit,  
How knowſt thou all this ?

*Iacke* : Tut are not you the man ſir, denie it if you can ſir, that gaue all the money you had to the burying of a poore man, and but one three-halfe-pence left in your purſſe : Content you ſir, Ile ſerue you that is flat.

*Eum* : Well my Lad ſince thou art ſo impornate, I am content to entertaine thee, not as a  
900 ſeruant ; but a copartner in my iourney. But whither ſhall we goe for I haue not any money more than one bare three-halfe-pence.

*Iacke* : Well Maſter content your ſelfe, for if my diuination bee not out, that ſhall bee ſpent



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spent at the next Inne or alehouse we come too:  
for maister I knowe you are passing hungrie;  
therefore ile go before and prouide dinner vn-  
till that you come, no doubt but youle come  
faire and softly after.

*Eum*: I, go before, ile follow thee. 910

*Iack*: But doo you heare maister, doo you  
know my name?

*Eum*: No I promise thee not yet.

*Iack*: Why I am *Iack*. *Exeunt Iack.*

*Eum*: *Iack*, why be it so then.

*Enter the Hostes and Iack, setting meate on the  
table, and Fidlers came to play, Eumenides  
walketh vp and downe, and will  
eate no meate.*

*Host*: How say you sir, doo you please to sit 920  
downe?

*Eum*: Hostes I thanke you, I haue no great  
stomack.

*Host*: Pray sir, what is the reason your mai-  
ster is so strange, doth not this meate please him.

*Iack*: Yes Hostes, but it is my maisters fashi-  
on to pay before hee eates, therefore a recko-  
ning good hostesse.

*Host*: Marry shall you sir presently. *Exit.*

*Eum*: Why *Iack* what doost thou meane, 930  
thou knowest I haue not any money: therefore  
sweete *Iack* tell me what shall I doo.

*Iack*: Well maister looke in your purse.

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*Eum:* Why faith it is a follie, for I haue no money. (for me.

*Iack*: Why looke you maister, doo fò much

*Eum:* Alas *Jack* my purse is full of money.

*Iack*: Alas, maister, does that worde belong to this accident? why me thinkes I should haue  
 940 seene you cast away your cloake, and in a bra-  
 uado daunced a galliard round about the cham-  
 ber; why maister, your man can teach you more  
 wit than this, come hostis, cheere vp my maister.

*Hofstis:* You are heartily welcome: and if it please you to eate of a fat Capon, a fairer birde, a finer birde, a sweeter birde, a crisper birde, a neater birde, your worship neuer eate off.

*Eum:* Thankes my fine eloquent hostesse.

*Iack*: But heare you maister, one worde by  
950 the way, are you content I shall be halfes in all  
you get in your iourney?

*Eum* : I am Iack, here is my hand.

*Jack*: Enough maister, I aske no more.

*Eum:* Come Hostesse receiue your money,  
and I thanke you for my good entertainment.

*Host:* You are heartily welcome sir.

*Eum*: Come *Iack* whether go we now?

*Jack*: Mary maister to the coniuers presently.

*Eu*: Content *Jack*: Hoftis farewell. *Exe. om.*

960 *Enter Corebus and Zelanto the foule  
wench, to the well for water.*

*Coreb:* Come my ducke ~ come: I haue now  
got

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got a wife, thou art faire, art thou not?

*Zelan*: My *Corebus* the fairest aliue, make no doubt of that.

*Cor*: Come wench, are we almost at the wel.

*Zela*. I *Corebus* we are almost at the Well now, ile go fetch some water: sit downe while I dip my pitcher in.

*Voyce*: Gently dip: but not too deepe; 970  
For feare you make the gouldē beard to weepe.

*A head comes vp with eares of Corne, and she  
combes them in her lap.*

Faire maiden white and red,  
Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head:  
And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.  
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,  
For feare thou make the gouldē beard to weep.  
Faire maide, white, and redde,  
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head; 980  
And euery haire, a sheaue shall be,  
And euery sheaue a goulden tree.

*A head comes vp full of golde, she  
combes it into her lap.*

*Zelan*: Oh see *Corebus* I haue combd a great deale of golde into my lap, and a great deale of corne.

*Coreb*. Well said wench, now we shall haue iust enough, God send vs coiners to coine our golde: but come shall we go home sweet heart? 990

*Zelan*: Nay come *Corebus* I will lead you.

*Coreb*.

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*Coreb*: So *Corebus* things haue well hit,  
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. *Exit.*

*Enter Iack and the wandring knight.*

*Iack*: Come away maister come,

*Eum*: Go along *Iack*, ile follow thee,

*Iack*, they say it is good to go crosse legged, and  
say his prayers backward: how saiest thou?

*Iack*: Tut neuer feare maister, let me alone,  
1000 heere sit you still, speake not a word. And be-  
cause you shall not be intised with his inchan-  
ting speeches; with this same wooll ile stop your  
eares: and so maister sit still, for I must to the  
Coniurer. *Exit Iack.*

*Enter the Coniurer to the wandring knight.*

*Sa*: How now, what man art thou that sits so sad  
Why dost thou gaze vpon these stately trees,  
Without the leaue and will of *Sacrapant*?  
What not a word but mum,

1010 Then *Sacrapant* thou art betraide.

*Enter Iack inuisible, and taketh off Sacrapants  
wreath from his head, and his sword out  
of his hand.*

*Sac*: What hand inuades the head of *Sacrapāt*?  
What hatefull fury doth enuy my happy state?  
Then *Sacrapant* these are thy latest dayes,  
Alas my vaines are numd, my sinews shrinke,  
My bloud is pearst, my breath fleeting away,  
And now my timelesse date is come to end:  
1020 He in whose life his actions hath beene so foule,  
Now

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Now in his death to hell defends his foule.

*He dyeth.*

*Iack*: Oh Sir are you gon: now I hope we shall haue some other coile. Now maister how like you this; the Coniurer hee is dead, and vowes neuer to trouble vs more. Now get you to your faire Lady, and see what you can doo with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while; but I will helpe that.

*He pulles the VVool out of his eares.* 1030

*Eum*: How now *Iack*, what news?

*Iack*: Heere maister, take this sword and dig with it, at the foote of this hill.

*He digs and spies a light.*

*Eum*: How now *Iack*, what is this?

*Iack*: Maister, without this the Coniurer could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his arte indure, and this being out, then doth his arte decay.

*Eum*: Why then *Iack* I will soone put out 1040 this light.

*Iack*: I maister, how?

*Eum*: Why with a stone ile breake the glasse, and then blowe it out.

*Iack*: No maister you may as soone breake the Smiths Anfill, as this little vyoll; nor the biggest blast that euer *Boreas* blew, cannot blowe out this little light; but she that is neither maide,

F

wife,

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wife, nor widowe. Maister, winde this horne ;  
1050 and see what will happen.

*He windes the horne.*

*Heere enters Venelia and breakes the glasse, and  
blowes out the light, and goeth in againe.*

*Iack:* So maister, how like you this; this is  
she that ranne madding in the woods, his be-  
trothed loue that keepes the crosse, and nowe  
this light being out, all are restored to their for-  
mer libertie. And now maister to the Lady that  
you haue so long looked for.

1060 *He draweth a curten, and there Delia  
sitteth a sleepe.*

*Eum:* God speed faire maide sitting alone :  
there is once.

God speed faire maide ; there is twise :

God speed faire maide, that is thrise.

*Delia:* Not so good sir, for you are by.

*Iack:* Enough maister, she hath spoke, now I  
will leaue her with you.

*Eum:* Thou fairest flower of these westerne  
1070 Whose beautie so reflecteth in my sight, (parts :  
As doth a Christall mirror in the sonne :  
For thy sweet sake I haue crost the frozen *Rhine*,  
Leauing faire *Po*, I saild vp *Danuby*,  
As farre as *Saba* whose inhanfing streames,  
Cuts twixt the *Tartars* and the *Rufsians*,

These



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These haue I croft for thee faire *Delia*:

Then grant me that which I haue fude for long.

*Del*: Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is  
so good:

To finde me out, and set my brothers free, 1080  
My faith, my heart, my hand, I giue to thee.

*Eum*: Thankes gentle Madame: but heere  
comes Iack, thanke him, for he is the best friend  
that we haue.

*Enter Iack with a head in his hand.*

*Eum*: How now Iack, what hast thou there?

*Iack*: Mary maister, the head of the coniurer.

*Eum*: Why Iack that is impossible, he was  
a young man.

*Iack*: Ah maister, so he deceiued them that 1090  
beheld him: but hee was a miserable, old, and  
crooked man; though to each mans eye h  
med young and fresh, for maister; this Coniurer  
tooke the shape of the olde man that kept the  
crosse: and that olde man was in the likenesse of  
the Coniurer. But nowe maister winde your  
horne. *He windes his horne.*

*Enter Venelia, the two brothers, and he  
that was at the crosse.*

*Eu*: Welcome *Erestus*, welcome faire *Venelia*, 1100

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Welcome *Thelea*, and *Kalepha* both,  
Now haue I her that I so long haue fought,  
So faith faire *Delia*, if we haue your consent.

*1. Bro*: Valiant *Eumenides* thou well deseruest  
To haue our fauours: so let vs reioyce,  
That by thy meanes we are at libertie.  
Heere may we ioy each in others fight,  
And this faire Lady haue her wandring knight.

*Iack*: So maister, nowe yee thinke you haue  
1110 done: but I must haue a saying to you; you  
know you and I were partners, I to haue halfe  
in all you got.

*Eum*: Why so thou shalt *Iack*.

*Iack*: Why then maister draw your sworde,  
part your Lady, let mee haue halfe of her pre-  
sently.

*Eumenid*: Why I hope *Iack* thou doost but  
iest, I promist thee halfe I got, but not halfe my  
Lady.

1120 *Iack*: But what else maister, haue you not  
gotten her, therefore deuide her straight, for I  
will haue halfe there is no remedie.

*Eumen*: Well ere I will falsifie my worde  
vnto my friend, take her all, heere *Iack* ile giue  
her thee.

*Iacke*: Nay neither more nor lesse Maister,  
but euen iust halfe.

*Eum*: Before I will falsifie my faith vnto my  
friend,



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friend, I will diuide hir, *Iacke* thou shalt haue halfe. 1130

1. *Brother*: Bee not so cruell vnto our sister gentle Knight.

2. *Brother*: O spare faire *Delia* thee deserues no death.

*Eum*: Content your selues, my word is past to him, therefore prepare thy selfe *Delya* for thou must die.

*Delya*: Then farewell worlde, adew *Eumenides*.

*He offers to strike and Iacke staies him.* 1140

*Iacke*: Stay Master, it is sufficient I haue tride your constancie: Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poore fellow.

*Eum*: I very well *Iacke*.

*Iacke*: Then Master thanke that good deed, for this good turne, and so God be with you all.

*Iacke leapes downe in the ground.*

*Eum*: *Iacke* what art thou gone?  
Then farewell *Iacke*.

Come brothers and my beauteous *Delya*, 1150  
*Erestus* and thy deare *Venelia*:

We will to *Theffalie* with ioyfull hearts.

*All*: Agreed, we follow thee and *Delya*.

*Exeunt omnes.*

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*Fant*: What Gammer, a sleepe?

*Old wom*: By the Mas sonne tis almost day,  
and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

*Frol*: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes  
this lacke bore a great sway amongst them.

1160 *Old wom*: O man, this was the ghost of the  
poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie,  
& that makes him to help the wandring knight  
so much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup  
of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.

*Fant*: Then you haue made an end of your  
tale Gammer?

*Old wom*: Yes faith: When this was done I  
tooke a peece of bread and cheefe, and came  
my way, and so shall you haue too before you  
1170 goe, to your breakefast.

F I N I S.

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, for *Raph  
Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*, and are to  
be folde at the shop ouer against  
Saint Giles his Church with-  
out Criplegate.

1595.





















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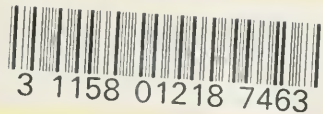
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